# THE CHIPLEY BANNER.

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# HER SISTER'S HONOR.

## A Tale of English Life.

By Walter Besant.

CHAPTER I.

MY SISTER—OH! MY SISTER.

fine Saturday evening in July e never many readers in the Free . The old men who come in because the place is warm and d quiet, are now walking up and e pavement, where the sunshine hem through and through and away their rheumatic pains. The men are all afield, playing boating, cycling, rambling afoot, of nothing but the delights of r, and rejoicing in their youth. ave the young to do with a dusty library on a summer even- library is a cemetery. Books tly the tombs of dead men's Young folk are much better with reading each other's than with walking among the so that the library is almost

about seven o'clock. At the into which the sun would have its wealth of heat and light— gives to the tombs of the dead as to the fields and flowers of ing—a brown blind was hauled eaving a long, narrow line. The rtinacious in its attempt to reach ing, took advantage of the line a thin plate or lamina of bright e, across which the merry motes with their usual cheerfulness. was a smell of leather bindings; les were covered with magazines pers; a few readers sat at the ta- But I think that knowledge was reatly advanced. One or two of slept; one or two looked as if their hts were elsewhere—with the babbling over the shallows, with illage cronies gathered under the beside the ale-house. One of gaunt, hollow-eyed, hungry, sat an illustrated paper before him. never turned over a leaf, and he not at the pictures. The libra- watched that man suspiciously. He ot like the look in that man's eyes. eant rebellion; it meant a wicked of discontent with the social order left him starving while it made eighbor fat, and refused him work it suffered his neighbor to live in ort on the work of other men. Only r or two ago—or it might be ten. se to one who is a librarian years no significance in connection with ers—a man had come into the with just such a look in his eyes. man asked for a book, sat down, proceeded to tear away its bindings o wrench its sheets asunder. Then ve himself up to the librarian with reatest gentleness and politeness, ining that liberty without a crust really a mockery, and that in future eant to be maintained by his coun- and that when he had served his for the destruction of the book, he t to smash a lamp, and, that d for, to steal a stretcher from a station, and so on, getting per- longer sentences, until he should lled to his reward. They walked gether to the nearest police station wo old friends, and parted with a grasp after the sergeant had the case.

ther man there was whom the an regarded with eyes of compass- He dragged himself slowly and up the stairs, threw himself seat next the wall, and there- rovided with a back, took up a sighed, and instantly fell fast This sort the librarian knew all—he was the clerk out of work.

THE LIBRARIAN SAT IN HIS CORNER.

ll asleep because he was exhausted want of food, and with climbing airs in the city seeking for work. ibrarian wondered how much long- e weary quest would continue. an was clearly well on the down- slope; his next place would be ; his next lower still. With ad- y arrives too often moral weaken- it is one of the countless ills which in misfortune's train; perhaps oor wretch would take to drink— of them do; in the end, a clean the London Hospital, with pneu- drawing him swiftly to an ignoble

librarian sat in his corner, a pigeon-holed cabinet against the at his side, a great book before no librarian is complete without a book before him—and the usual ials for cataloguing on his desk, se to carry on the catalogue is as sary a part of the daily work as to the day's letters is for a secretary. as a man of 60, or perhaps more, eard white, and his gray hair on the top. He wore spectacles, s face showed the clear, unlined e of one who has never been con- with markets, prices, or the of trade. He lived all day in the , and in the evening he walked to his solitary lodging, two miles

The librarian of a free library is familiar with every kind of reader. He classifies them all. There are first the unemployed, the most numerous patrons of the free library. The librarian gets to know the trade of every man, if he belongs to one of the commoner branches of work, by his appearance. There are the quiet men who use the library in the evening, when their mates are in the public-house drinking, or at the club wrangling or perhaps gambling. They come here not to pursue a line of study, but to amuse themselves in peace. Then in any library there are one or two habitues of the day time. Mostly they are retired tradesmen, or old pensioners, who continue to live in the locality where they have friends. There is the young fellow who comes regularly to consult all the papers on sporting matters. He collects the prophetic tips, and notes the odds in a book; he would fain be a Sharp, but he, too often, remains a Juggins. There is the boy who comes here whenever he can get the chance to sit in a corner and dream away the time deliciously over a story. There is the poor country lad who has more knowledge in his little finger than a London artisan in his whole body, who understands how to plow and sow and reap, and stack and thrash; who can cultivate an allotment; who knows sheep and beasts, and pigs and horses; who can foretell the weather. Yet he has thrown it all over and come up to London, where he has nothing but his pair of hands and his strong arms, and his great knowledge avails him nothing. 'Tis as if you turned a professor of mathematics into a draper's shop, where they would use him for nothing but to sweep the floor and carry out the parcels. He rolls into the library accidentally, and not liking the place or the smell (which is not in the least like the smell of the earth), he goes out again.

The librarian knows them all. He watches in the silent room as the clock over his head ticks loudly, and makes up their little stories for them. Sometimes they whisper a little with him. He is a sympathetic creature, and they will confide their case to him asking for his advice. They do not seek it in the search for a book to read, but in search for work. And sometimes he knows, or has heard things, which may help them. Other librarians, you see, get a vast and intimate acquaintance with books. This librarian is more useful to his readers if he knows the contents of the trade journals.

Sometimes, however, as in the case of Naomi Hellyer, he was altogether at sea. Naomi first appeared on this Saturday evening. She came in timidly, and looked about her with hesitation. There was no other woman in the place. Perhaps women were not admitted. Then the librarian stepped out of his corner and invited her to take a seat and ask for anything she might want.

He saw a woman of thirty dressed in the black stuff frock of a workwoman, with a cloth jacket, though it was so warm an evening. Her dress was perfectly neat and well-fitting; her gloves were worn; she had the appearance of resolute respectability coupled with small pay. Her face was thin and pale, and her features delicate. She was not beautiful, but she looked steady and serious—what is called responsible. The librarian noticed these things; he also noticed, for he was an observant creature, as well as sympathetic, that there was trouble in the face—abiding trouble.

When she took off her worn glove the librarian saw upon her forefinger the usual sign of needlework, which a woman can no more disguise than a mulatto can disguise the black streaks below his finger-nails. She took a place at one of the tables and began to turn over the leaves of an illustrated paper, but languidly, as if she took no interest in what she read. The librarian, watching her from his corner, observed that she presently put down the paper and began to walk about, reading the titles on the books on the shelves as if she was in search of something.

Being a conscientious librarian as well as observant and sympathetic, he left his place in the corner and asked her if there were any work which she wished to read. She shook her head. There was nothing, she said. The librarian observed that she had an extremely sweet voice. He also observed that she went looking at the titles as if she really did want something.

The librarian was experienced as well as conscientious, observant, and sympathetic. He discovered that there was something behind this restless curiosity.

"I think you are looking for some book," he said. "If you will tell me what it is——"

"Have you got," she asked, coloring deeply, "any book that tells about——" She hesitated.

"About?" he repeated.

"About women"—here she looked about to make sure that nobody else could hear, and her voice dropped to a whisper—"about women in prison, how they are treated, and how they live?"

"We have a book called 'Five Years of Penal Servitude,'" he replied, "but that is about male convicts, not women."

"May I see that?"

He found and gave her the volume.

When the library closed she brought him back the book, and went away. But her eyes were red. She had been crying.

During the week the librarian found himself thinking a good deal about this woman. She looked refined and delicate, perhaps above the position she now held, which seemed to be poorly paid, judging from her dress. By her language and her manner she showed herself what is called ladylike or what ladies prefer to call rather a superior person. He could not remember whether she wore a wedding ring. He hoped that she would come again.

On Saturday evening she did come again. The librarian greeted her with the smile reserved for habitual readers. "Let me find you another book," he said.

"Please let me have the same"—as if the librarian should remember every book taken up by every reader. But he did remember her book and gave it to her.

She finished the book that evening. But long after she closed the volume she sat with it in her hand, thinking. She was in a corner where there were no other readers. But the librarian could see her. And from time to time the tears rose to her eyes and ran down her cheeks. He wondered what was meant by this grief, what miserable story lay behind.

She was the last to leave the library. The other readers had all gone, half an hour before the time for closing, but she sat there motionless, thinking, crying silently, and the librarian made pretense not to see her.

When the clock struck ten he locked the room and went out, a few minutes after her. His mind was quite full of her distress, as he walked along the streets, now growing cool in the July twilight.

Presently he saw before him, going the same way, his reader. He overtook her and ventured to speak.

"We are going the same way?" he asked.

"I am going to ——." She mentioned a street not far off.

"It is the same way," he replied; "may I walk with you? I am the librarian, you know."

She hesitated a little. But an official such as a librarian is not a perfect stranger. Besides, he was old and looked harmless, and his voice and manner were friendly. "If you please," she said presently.

They walked together in silence, side by side.

"WE ARE GOING THE SAME WAY?"

Presently the librarian began to ask a few leading questions, and learned that his new friend was a workwoman at a dressmaker's in the neighborhood. It is not a fashionable quarter, and the pay given to the most superior person is but meager—still it was enough, and the work was regular.

"I do not belong to the place," she said, "I come from the country. I have no friends, and am fortunate in getting any work at all."

"You must come a great deal to the library," he replied. "There you can be quiet and have the companionship of books, if you care for them. But you must not always read sad books——"

"I have no heart," she said, "for anything but sad books. This is my street. Good-night."

A week later she came again. Always on a Saturday evening. The reason was that she worked extra time in order to get a little more money on other evenings.

"I have found you a book about female convicts," the librarian told her. "It is twenty years old, but I suppose things are not changed much."

"Oh, give it to me—thank you!"

She snatched it from him and sought her corner, where she sat, her head on her hand, reading the book all the evening.

They walked home together again.

"You are in great trouble," said the librarian. "If it will be any help to you, tell me what it is. A good many people tell me their troubles. Sometimes it helps only to talk about things. Have you no friends?"

"No. I have lost all my old friends, and I cannot make new ones. Oh! if I could tell you——"

"You may tell me, if you will trust me."

"You will not give me any more books if I do."

"Surely—surely——"

"Well then—the reason why I want to read about—about—you know—oh! I must speak to someone—the reason why—it is because my sister is in prison—oh! my sister—oh! my poor, poor sister! She is in prison."

CHAPTER II.

BY THE RIVER.

Outside the old wall, a little of which still stands, runs, winding slowly through the meadows, the river on whose banks the ancient northern town is built. It is broad enough for boats, and on summer evenings a few come out, but not many, because it is a sleepy old town, and all the young men who have any go in them seek their fortunes elsewhere when they come to the rowing age. For half a mile or so below the town a broad walk has been constructed, having the river on one side and a row of trees on the other. Seats are planted here and there. It is the boulevard of the townspeople, and, when the weather and season allow, the place is crowded and animated with the girls—in this happy town there are thirty girls to one young man—who go up and down in pairs laughing and prattling as merrily as if they were not destined by the rigor of fate to single blessedness, because there are so many of them. I have always thought that this special application of the old law about the sins of the fathers must be very hard for a girl to accept with resignation. "You suffer," says the law, "because there are too many of you. I am very sorry, but—it is the sin of the father—why were you born?" Why, indeed?

In the summer the lilies lie upon the waters; the river sparkles and dances in the light and sunshine; there are swans and ducks; under the branches disport millions of midges; there is a soft warm smell in the air, partly from the river and partly from the low meadows on the other side; the fields are full of buttercups; from the tower of the cathedral float the melodious notes of a carillon; the river is lazy, and floweth slowly, lingering beside its banks; now and then a water-rat plunges on the opposite side as a fish leaps out of the

"TELL ME ALL," HE SAID.

water; the cows sit watching the sky and the sunset; the swallows and swifts are the only really active things; it is a pleasant, peaceful place to which the crowd of girls lends an illusive show of youth. I say illusive because youth ought not to be all of one sex, and when there are not male and female in equal proportion, youth loses its brightness.

When the evenings are cold and dark the place is deserted. No one walks there after sunset. This was the reason why a certain couple chose the place on one evening in October. It was a little after seven; the night had fallen upon a gloomy day. A fresh breeze blew up the river, tearing the leaves off the trees, whirling them about in the air and making drifting heaps of them; the branches overhead creaked; the meadows were dark; the river was black; drops of rain fell upon the faces of the pair who walked side by side, the young man's arm around the girl's waist.

"Tell me all," he said. "Let me know the worst, and then we can face it. My darling, is there anything that we cannot face together—hand-in-hand?"

"Oh!" she murmured. "It puts new strength in me—only to hear you speak and to feel your presence. Naomi is anxious and troubles herself about the future, morning, noon and night. Harry, will it make no difference to you?"

"My darling, how would anything make a difference to me? Do I not love you once for all—for all this world and all the next?"

He bent over her—he was a tall and gallant young fellow—and she raised her face to meet his lips.

"He fell down," she went on, "while John was putting up the shutters. He was standing at his desk, and he fell down on his face. He never spoke again or knew anybody or felt anything. And next morning about noon he died."

"He died," echoed the lover. "Poor dear Ruth! You told me of this in your letter. It was a terrible blow to you."

"I wrote to you about it. But I said nothing of what was discovered afterward."

"What was discovered?"

"We always thought he was so well off. Everybody thought so. There was never any want of money. When he died the people said we must remember how well off we should be left, and that ought to console us."

"Well, dear?"

"There is nothing. The business had been falling off for years. There is not enough now to pay rent and taxes. And as for what is left it must all go to pay debts."

"Poor child! This is terrible. What will you do?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**The Work of Daubigny.**

Daubigny brought into landscape-art greater freshness and spontaneity than had yet been seen, and his work first seizes you by its force, and then charms you. As poems of nature thrown off in the heat of passion and feeling, so his works affect you, and continue to do so the more they are studied. "He painted better than he knew" when with palette-knife and brush he dashed in effects instantaneously, and one wonders how so much can be expressed by such slight means.

He was among the first "impressionists," and "realism" was one of his mottoes, but how different his art from that too often called by these names to-day. It was not the coarse materiality, the surface qualities, and the bare optical effect alone that he sought to render. He penetrated deeper, and the surface was always the outgrowth and expression of a spiritual center. The thing and the thought, the spirit and the matter, were equally balanced, and never did he put a touch of color to canvas that had not first passed, no matter how rapidly, through his own spiritual self.

His interpretation of nature was direct, and he sought to obtain scientific truth; but art, too, for him was expression, never mere reasonless imitation alone. A presiding intelligence, and still farther back an impulse of soul, directed the production of all his works. He found ideal in the real, and set to work to record it. Thus each work was the result of a fresh emotion, expressed in its own way; and if you see fifty pictures by Daubigny you will find each different in conception, color, and execution, as the motive itself differs.—Century.

A mile of railway permanent way, with two sets of rails, takes up two and one-half acres of land.

## OPERATORS ADOPT SCALE.

"TRUE UNIFORMITY" AGREED TO AFTER LENGTHY DISCUSSION.

### ALL LEADING MEN WERE PRESENT.

Miners Will Not Be Admitted to Further Conferences Except Under Special Arrangements.

The "true uniformity" conference of coal operators of the Pittsburg district concluded its work Wednesday night at 9:15 o'clock, after a two days' session of close and persistent work. The twenty-one sections of the uniformity agreement were thoroughly discussed and adopted, section by section. The best feeling prevailed throughout the meetings, the only exception being the bolting of Colonel Rend at Tuesday's session.

Just previous to adjournment, however, Judge Owens announced that Colonel Rend had authorized him to state that any agreement the conference adopted would receive his (Rend's) hearty co-operation and he would sign it if 95, 50 or even 20 per cent of the operators were sincere in the sanction of it.

The conference appointed a committee of five to secure the signatures of the operators to the agreement. It will be aided by the Ohio board of arbitration. When the requisite number of signatures has been secured, another meeting will be held to ratify the agreement. Speeches were made expressing satisfaction over the result of the meeting and predicting the success of the plan.

The agreement as adopted provides for cash payment of wages; 2,000 pounds to the ton, check weighmen on the tipples, miners to be credited with the full quantity of coal contained in the mine car, abolition of company stores; semi-monthly pay days, uniform price for pick mining in the thin and thick vein districts, and screens not exceeding one and one-half inches. It also provides that in case of the violation of the provisions and terms of agreement, a penalty of 10 cents per ton on the total output of coal mined by the violators will be charged, which penalty is to be paid to a commission subject to the right of further arbitration or appeal. Said penalty, when collected, is to be distributed among the signers of the agreement, pro rata in proportion to the total amount of tonnage or output made by them during the year.

The commission is to be chosen annually, and shall be known by the name of the uniformity commission. It shall be composed of nine members, thick and thin vein operators having proper representation. The members shall be sworn to faithfully and impartially perform the duties of their office, and will be authorized and empowered to enforce the judgments and awards.

The operators, with a few exceptions, want it distinctly understood that the passage of agreement whereby all operators are to adopt a similar system, and are to pay the same relative price for mining, has nothing to do with the great strike. They wish the miners to disabuse their minds of any such theories.

The operators have also shut out the miners' leaders from taking any part in the conference that may take place through questions arising between the operators and miners, by inserting a clause in the agreement stating the commission shall be composed of workmen employed by the subscribers.

### MURDER IN A CHURCH.

Colored Deacon Kills One of the Brethren During a Quarrel.

A startling murder was committed in the pulpit of the Dexter avenue colored Baptist church, Montgomery, Ala., Wednesday. Deacon P. H. Patterson, colored, editor of a negro newspaper of the city, being the victim. George Pritchett, another deacon, is in jail charged with the crime. The church was crowded at the time of the tragedy, and a general row was narrowly averted.

The killing appears to have been the sequel to a factional dissention in the church of about six months' duration.

### COLDEST JULY DAY.

Minimum Temperature In New York Reached 60, the Lowest on Record.

Tuesday was the coldest July 27th on the records of the weather observer at New York.

The minimum temperature was 60 at 3 and 4 o'clock a. m. The nearest approach to this was in 1891, when the thermometer went down to 61.

**Bags for Gold Dust.**

A Middleton, N. Y., firm engaged in manufacturing gold dust bags of sheepskin for California customers are working with double force on account of the telegraphic orders received since the Klondyke discovery.

### MARYLAND DEMOCRATS MEET.

State Convention Held at Baltimore With Gorman In Control.

The democracy of Maryland assembled in convention at Baltimore Wednesday nominally to select candidates for comptroller and clerk of the court of appeals, but actually to open the campaign that will decide who shall be the next United States senator.

The convention was unusually well attended and its controlling spirit plainly was Senator Gorman, whose reception showed that the defeats the party has sustained had not lessened his hold on the rank and file of his party.

The platform declares that the fundamental principles of democracy remain unchanged; that the democracy of Maryland believes now, and has always believed in "honest money, the gold and silver money of the constitution and the coinage of both metals without discrimination against either, into standard dollars of final payment and redemption," and asserts that the demand of more than six and one-half millions of democratic voters forced President McKinley and a republican congress to send a commission abroad to negotiate with European countries for the restoration of bimetallism.

The Dingley tariff law is termed a more odious measure than the McKinley act of 1890, and it is asserted that it will be more signally condemned in 1898 than was the McKinley act in 1892.

A demand is made that the United States government take such action as will ameliorate the atrocities now being committed in Cuba and to fully protect every American citizen there in the enjoyment of his life and property. The following state nominations were made:

For Comptroller—Thomas A. Smith, of Caroline county.

For Clerk of the Court of Appeals—J. F. Ford, St. Marys county.

### PALMYRA SEIZED BY BRITISH.

Action Makes Uncle Sam Wrathy, and Is Considered Very Significant.

A special from Washington says:

Official information of the action of the British government in taking possession of the Island of Palmyra, in the Pacific ocean, has been received at the state department.

The information was embodied in a dispatch which reached the state department from San Francisco, it having been wired from that point by the dispatch agent of the department stationed there, who had received it from Minister Sewall, at Honolulu. The message merely contained the bare facts of the seizure of the island.

The action of Great Britain in taking possession of the island at this time, following as it does the submission of an annexation treaty to the senate by the president, is considered very significant by the authorities here. Whether it is intended to complicate matters so as to stave off annexation or whether Great Britain proposes to establish a naval station upon the island in question, her action is regarded as of the highest importance and future developments will be awaited with keen interest by officials at Washington.

### VIRGINIA POPULISTS

Meet In State Convention In Roanoke and Adopt a Platform.

The populist party of Virginia held their state convention at Roanoke Wednesday with about 150 delegates present.

General James G. Field was made permanent chairman and delivered an address in which he eulogized Bryan and Daniel.

The platform indorses the national platform adopted at St. Louis in 1896, inveighs against the use of money in elections and moneyed and corporate influences over the action of legislatures, courts and executive officers of the national and state governments; demands a greater volume and flexibility in currency; favors the running of free schools at least eight months in the year out of the present revenues of the state and salaries sufficient to command competent teachers.

The report was unanimously adopted amid great enthusiasm. Edmund Cocke and Rev. R. V. Gaines were placed in nomination for lieutenant governor. The convention was considerably divided, and at 10 o'clock a motion to adjourn until 10 a. m., Thursday prevailed.

### REASONS FOR CLOSING DOWN.

Treasurer of the Amoskeag Cotton Mills Makes Explanations.

Hon. T. Jefferson Coolidge, treasurer of the big Amoskeag cotton mills, of Manchester, N. H., one of the largest plants of the kind in the world, says, regarding the shutting down of the mills, which has been announced:

"We have made up our accounts for the first six months of the year and find that we have made no money and have not moved our goods, so I have ordered the mills closed for the month of August, at least."

The dividends of the Amoskeag mills have been reduced during the past 12 months.